

Halo: The Sword of Guilt

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Summary: Facing the challenge of retaking the continent of Asia on earth, Master Chief meets the newest breed of Spartan SuperSoldier: PROJECT SPARTAN III. Sorry, this story was not submitted right, so it is alot of of chapt's for chap 1, and chap 2 is the end of 4

1. Chapter 1

HALO

THE DARK SPARTANS

_AND OTHER SHORT STORIES IN BETWEEN _HALO 2 _AND _HALO 3

STORY 1:

THE SWORD OF GUILT

-1-

0300 Hours, December 12, 2552 (Military Time), _Columbus_
Decimator-class, en route to UNSC Station above Japan

The _Columbus _soared through Slipstream space, leaving it's previous destination on Harvest, and heading to the UNSC Space Station above Japan, where it would pick up four platoons of Marines and three of the twenty recent PROJECT SPARTAN III Spartans to help the Master Chief take Asia back from the billions of Covenant troops that protected it.

The pilot of the _Columbus_, Admiral Veeran, had graduated the UNSC Space Cadet Academy on Delta Planet three years ago. He had quickly risen in the UNSC ranks, and was now the High Admiral of the _Columbus_, a huge Decimator-class battle ship/carrier that could carry two platoons of Marines and a hundred Covenant prisoners, Jackals, Grunts, Drones or Elites.

Columbus was a work of genius. It was the size of two Leviathan-class ships, with a gigantic two-thirds-of-a-kilometer measure. It carried ten MAC guns, nearly twenty nuclear warheads, two hundred heavy machine guns and a crew of almost a million. Only three Decimators had been manufactured so far, including the _Columbus_, the _Fort Sumner_ and the largest of the them all at a kilometer long: Grand Commander Shkelzen's new ship: the _Exorcist_. The _Exorcist_ had been modified by the legendary Lance Shkelzen himself; adding on ten plasma missiles, three detachable Superhero-class starships: the _Clockwork_, the _Warpath_, and the _Redskin_; he also added on ten super-sized grenade launchers and enlarged the _Exorcist_ itself.

1200 Hours, December 27, 2552 (Military Time), Dock of UNSC Station above Japan

The _Columbus_ had just docked into the massive work of space architecture: the UNSC Station above Japan. As he walked out Admiral Veeran helped himself to the amazing sights of the Station, with hundreds of UNSC starships, freighters, and cruisers heading down to Tokyo. They were all armed ships. This made sense; because these vehicles were probably going down to _attack_ Tokyo, not _commute_ with it, like the usual UNSC routine. The Covenant ruled Tokyo right now; and while the Master Chief and his small and injured platoon of soldiers attacked Covenant command posts and strongholds, these attacking ships would probably bomb Covenant bases and troops.

"Nice to meet you, High Admiral," the Marine Commander called Commander McGlephan of Veeran's four platoons said as he shook hands with the young but high ranked officer. But McGlephan wasn't the real star here. The PROJECT SPARTAN III squad that was walking out into McGlephan's office were. They looked light but muscular at the same time, in their new MJONLIR II armor. They were truly a notch up from Master Chief and the rest of the PROJECT SPARTAN II Spartans.

"Hello, Spartansâ€¦" McGlephan said, eager to impress the higher-level Marine, Veeran. Under his helmet, Alpha, the leader of the Spartan squad, gave McGlephan a horrible face, and under his breath he gave him a curse. That man and Alpha's head trainer, Carl "Blues" Roland, had ruined Alpha's life forever. At a young eight months old, Alpha's, (who at that time had been named Rodney) parents had been secretly killed by McGlephan and Blues, and Rodney had been taken to the PROJECT SPARTAN III training center. At age ten, Rodney and the twenty other Spartans had been informed that their parents had been "Decomposed out of duty", and that they were about to get injections in them that would make them super-fast, super-smart, and super-strong. They were informed that they were to be the next generation of Spartan Super-Soldier. At age eighteen, Alpha (whose name had been changed like the other Spartans at age twelve) and the other Spartans, had growth hormones injected in them to make them stay that strong and that fast and that smart, and that _age_ forever, until they were "Spent in battle". Alpha secretly wanted to kill every UNSC soldier in all the star systems.

Above his helmet, Alpha responded to McGlephan with a "hello", and a nod and salute.

"So this is PROJECT SPARTAN IIIâ€¦" said Veeran, especially transfixed on Alpha, who looked like the leader.

"Yessir," said McGlephan happily. "They have lots of improvements, sir. Stronger armor, stronger, but smaller, guns; we call 'em Advanced/Micro Assault Rifles, or AMARs. They're smaller, but the shoot as strong as two assault rifles at once."

"Incredible, Commander. So what are their names?"

"Oh, that's Alpha," said McGlephan, pointing at Alpha, "and that's Epsilon", McGlephan explained, pointing at the Spartan to the left of Alpha, "and that's Delta", McGlephan said, pointing to the Spartan soldier to the right of Alpha. "They're our best Spartans."

"Good, good," said Veeran, happy at UNSC's amazing creation.

Veeran entered _Columbus_'s cockpit. Two Marine guards stood next to him. He wished the Spartans were there, so he could speak to them and find out about them, but they had chosen to stay in their bunks to rest for the upcoming battles and takeovers in Asia.

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7000 Hours, January 1, 2553 (Military Time), Tokyo, Japan, Earth

"Happy New Year Covenant shitfaces!" a Marine shouted, dropping five grenades from the Pelican-class ship he was in. The Pelican had recently been released from a UNSC ship called the _Columbus_. The _Columbus_, and four platoons of Marines and three Spartans, had come down to aid Master Chief and his platoon in the takeover of Asia.

"Repeat. This Master Chief Petty Officer calling _Columbus_ starship. We request more troops. Only a platoon of Marines have been sent downâ€¦" the Chief desperately needed troops. The Elites had taken all of the Warthog lines out, and most of Master Chief's original platoon was dead. Master Chief ran behind a bunker. Seconds later, the bunker exploded out of multiple plasma burns from Covenant weapons. Chief got on his stomach. He fired from the ground, taking out Jackals hitting the base near him. _BOOM! _

"Damn it!" Chief cursed as the base was hit by an MAC blast.

"High Admiral Veeran to Master Chief Petty Officer. Covenant troops have taken control of the _Columbus_. All we've got now are a couple of Spartans."

"Spartans?"

"Yessir. PROJECT SPARTAN III troops are flanking the Covenant's attack base now. Expect MAC blasts from the _Columbus_."

"I've already felt it, Veeran. Now get to work and send me those Spartans! Chief, out."

After a couple of minutes of blasting Grunts, Chief spotted a drop ship coming down from the sky. It was heavily damaged and plasma bolts were hitting the ship constantly. He could see an AMAR inching out of the freighter. It fired a shot with perfect aim and took out a Jackal heading for the ship.

Not even a Spartan could shoot that accurately, thought Master Chief. But then he realized something. Admiral Veeran had said these Spartans were a new generationâ€¦

Alpha reloaded his gun. He took out another Jackal. He was going to have to convince the Marines that he was one of them to kill them.

"Collision with Covenant Banshee in counting down fifteen, fourteenâ€¦" Epsilon gave reports to Alpha.

"Delta! Charge missile round one!" shouted Alpha.

"Missile round one chargingâ€¦. Charged, sir," answered Delta.

"Arm missile round one!" Alpha shouted.

"Missile round one armed, sir!" said Delta.

"Collision with Covenant Banshee in ten, nineâ€¦." warned Epsilon.

They're gonna' hit that Banshee! thought Chief from down below.

"Fire missile round one at Covenant Banshee!" shouted Alpha from up in the drop ship. Two gigantic missiles fired from both sides of the Pelican-class drop ship. They hit the Banshee in the weak spot and it exploded.

"Covenant Banshee detonated, sir," said Epsilon.

"Affirmative," said Alpha, smiling under his helmet.

The Pelican landed. Delta and Epsilon jumped out first and scanned the area for enemy forces. They spotted the Grunts Master Chief was in a firefight with, and called Alpha.

"Split up and head out!" commanded Alpha. The three broke out and began heading towards the Covenant forces.

"Open fire!" shouted Alpha at the top of his lungs. Rapid-fire shots began breaking through the Covenant lines. Master Chief spotted the three Spartans and gave them the signal to rendezvous with him. The three headed towards the Chief, while blasting through the Covenant lines.

"So you're the Master Chief Blues was talking about," Delta spoke boldly.

"Affirmative. And you're the so-called 'next generation of Spartans'?" answered the Chief.

"Yessir," said Alpha, joining the conversation.

"I assume you're the squad leader, looking at the Squad Leader designation on his MJONLIR II uniform.

"Sir," said Alpha, nodding his head.

"Well, all of you listen to _my _commands now," said Master Chief.

_He's going to be a problem_â€|. thought Alpha.

"Now move out and open fire!" commanded the Chief.

The new squad jumped out from the plasma-burned bunker they were hiding behind, and open fired at the Covenant line.

"Watch out!" shouted Alpha.

"What in hellâ€|" Chief didn't finish his sentence, ducking the plasma explosion that was happening.

"Squad Leader Alpha! What in the name of god was that?"

"I dunno Master Chiefâ€| but whatever in hell it was, it isn't a good thing," Alpha answered wryly.

"Sir! I'm intercepting from whatever or _who_ever fired that. It's on my heads up displayâ€|" said Delta, starting to press buttons on his helmet.

"Is it in encrypted?" asked the Chief.

"Yessir."

"Decode it ASAP and send it to our head's up displays via comlink."

"Wait a sec sir, I think I've figured out what fired that plasma bomb!" said Delta.

"What is it?" said Alpha before Chief could answer.

"It's bigger than anything I've ever seen andâ€|" Delta's voice was cut off by another plasma explosion.

"Ahhhggahha!" Master Chief could here Delta's cry of pain. Once the debris and plasma burns cleared, all three over Spartans ran over to Delta to see his right arm completely burned off. He yowled in pain.

"At ease, soldierâ€|" said Master Chief, knowing no other way to calm him. The soldier wouldn't stop yowling.

"One man down," said Alpha, mercilessly beginning to leave the bomb crater.

"Nobody gets left behind, soldier," the Chief said in a threatening tone. Alpha just stared at Master Chief.

"Now we're never going to know what or whoever launched those bombs," said Alpha.

"Guiltâ€|." Delta said weakly.

"Guilty about what? Did you do something wrong?" Epsilon frantically

thought out loud.

"No!" Delta's voice was getting smaller. "Sword!" And then he went unconscious.

"Sword? Like the weapon? What kind of sword?" shouted Epsilon, shaking the unconscious body. Master Chief began to pull the Spartan armor off the wrist on the still embodied arm, to feel the pulse. There was no pulse.

"He's dead," Chief said bluntly.

"What? He's merely unconscious?" said Epsilon, not able to deal with such an old friend dead.

"I told you. He died of blood loss. Now keep calm, soldier," said Chief, trying his hardest to stay calm himself.

"Well he will not be dead in vain," said Epsilon, clenching a fist. "The Covenant must die." Chief and Alpha saluted the soldier at the same time.

"Move out, squad," said Chief, arming his AMAR. "Delta will not have died in vain."

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27 Units, 12th Cycle (Covenant Holy City Time), Covenant Holy City

"We will not reconsider the pause on the attack on the city on earth called Tokyo. A demon called Master Chief has taken out all of the Banshees. We must pause for the time being," the Prophet of Truth spoke in his planet's tongue, which sounded extremely snake-like. He spoke to the younger and less experienced Prophet called Guilt, who had opposed him in military plans.

"I advise you not to oppose me. Some day I shall be more powerful than you and every other Prophet alive," Guilt spoke aggressively, and gave the Prophet of Truth an aggressive look.

"Please, calm down," said the Prophet of Duty, the High Prophet that replaced that dead Prophet of Mercy.

"You calm down, old man! This court will be mine, soon!" Duty was astonished at Guilt's foul behavior.

"Arbiter!" Duty looked at the highly ranked Elite standing next to him. "Bring the Prophet of Guilt to the dungeons. Let him die," Duty's high guard Arbiter walked over to the dishonored Prophet. He gave the other Elites a hand signal to come over to him.

"Not so fast, Arbiter," the Prophet of Guilt gestured at the Arbiter holding a strange religious symbol in his palm. It was in the shape of an oval, with an alien rune written on it. "The sword. It can destroy anything with a flash of its immense power." The Prophet of Guilt began to squeeze the "sword" until the rune embedded on it began to glow a baby blue. The symbol then glowed navy, and a long navy beam shot out of the front. The beautiful beam buzzed forward at immense speed. The beam went right threw one of the Elite's stomach,

and the guard fell to the ground, dead. The dead body then burned a blue fire, and left only navy smoke in its place.

"Now you know the power of my sword. My Sword of Guiltâ€¦." The Prophet of Guilt let out a triumphant laugh.

0400 Hours, January 3, 2553 (Military Time), Covenant Communications Center, Japan

Plasma bolts whizzed over the Master Chief's head. The so-called "quick assassination" of the Covenant militia leader Painblood had not taken almost two days, and Chief and the Spartan crew hadn't even found Painblood yet. They were just picking at the lines protecting the top secret area of the Covenant Communications Center in Tokyo Painblood was hidden in. Another bolt whizzed above Master Chief's head.

"Epsilon, Alpha, do you read me? This is Master Chief Petty Officer calling for backup," Master Chief needed backup. Epsilon was in another room with Alpha, trying to deactivate the shields around Painblood's sanctuary.

"I read, Master Chief. We're comin' to help," Alpha told Master Chief via comlink. The PROJECT SPARTAN III duo began a run for it to Master Chief's position.

"I'm here, Chief!" Alpha shouted as he ran into the room the Chief was in. Chief was blowing away with his rocket launcher at the never-ending line of Jackals and Grunts. A couple of Elites also fought with the alien line.

"Look out!" Master Chief shouted, sparing the two Spartans any pleasantries. He threw a plasma grenade at the thinning Covenant line, ducked, and put his hands on his head. The other Spartans followed the procedure. In an explosion of plasma, reddish fire, debris, and blue Covenant blood, nearly every Covenant trooper fell dead. Only four left to take out. Alpha shot down two with his AMAR, and Epsilon took down another duo with a stolen Covenant Plasma Rifle.

Master Chief planted a bomb on the door to Painblood's "sanctuary". Him and the other two Spartans jumped back and ducked with their hands on their heads immediately. And the door exploded.

Painblood was a creature that sat on a floating disc. His legs were cross-legged, and the eight tentacles coming out from his back waved all around the room. His two alien arms held a needler weapon. Five eyes sat on his face, all looking in different directions. But when he spotted the Spartans, every eye looked on them.

"Ahh, humansâ€¦ I've heard of such like you. Surrender yourselves," Painblood spoke in almost a whisper, but his voice intimidated even the likes of Master Chief.

"Painblood. You surrender yourself now, and we won't have to do this mission the hard way," Master Chief hid his cowardliness and spoke with bravery.

"Stupid human. You will die for your insolence!" Painblood fired his needler. Four pink needles bolted straight towards Master Chief.

Master Chief shot them down with an AMAR, but the detonation of the exploding needles lowered his shields to 0. Some how, Painblood could sense that, and he shot. A needle pierced into Master Chief's stomach without shielding, and the next thing he heard was the fire of AMAR and plasma rifle gunshots and shouts of command.

0415 Hours, January 6, 2553 (Military Time), _Shiloh_ Medical-class evacuation ship, flying in Japan

Master Chief opened his eyes. Well, he tried to. He tried and tried again, and finally his eyes opened. He had been evacuated. They had fitted him into a white hospital gown.

What had happened? The last thing he could remember was the pain of a needle piercing so close to his heart, and then Alpha and Epsilon raging fire at Painblood. He sat up on his bed, only to see the needle still stuck in his body, but without the pink glow it usually had.

I should be dead, thought Master Chief. If the needle had detonated, he _would _be dead. Then, a doctor walked into the room.

"Ah, Chief. You're awake," the doctor spoke with a light voice. He had a Marine insignia on his uniform and four Purple Heart Awards. He must have been taken from the battle field when his injuries got to intense to fight anymore. He did see the doctor had a metallic arm.

"Sir, why am I not dead?" Master Chief seemed confusedâ€"but not sacredâ€"of death. "We did the needle not detonate?"

"Master Chief. One of your comrades, Epsilon, sacrificed his finger to deactivate the needle, but we still haven't removed it from your body. Your target, Painblood, got away, I'm sorry to say, "the doctor spoke calmly. "Now, I will put a numbing device on the skin, muscle, and skeletal structure surrounding the needle, and remove the needle." The doctor took an injection tube from his counter, and stuck it into the skin, bones, and muscle around the needle, in five places. Master Chief felt a piercing pain for a minute, and then everything around the needle went numb.

"Now, we proceed to taking the needle out from your body," the doctor said, taking a large pair of tweezers from his shelf. He positioned the tweezers around the needle, and slowly pulled the needle out. It bled like crazy.

4000 Hours, January 9, 2553 (Military Time), Captain Linda Keyes' Office, New York, NY, Earth

Master Chief stood in his dress uniform and saluted Admiral Johnson as he walked into the office of Captain Linda Keyes. Keyes, Master Chief's first Captain, had died and had been infested by the Flood. His daughter was all the Chief had left of him.

Johnson and Keyes were to present Master Chief with his third Purple Heart Award for his bravery after his wound. The Chief's gigantic needle-wound had been patched up by a doctor named Ronald James, and the bleeding had been neutralized by James minutes after the needle was removed.

"Master Chief Petty Officer. You have been wounded in battle and bravely kept yourself alive. For that, we present you your third Purple Heart Award," Johnson spoke proudly for the Master Chief. The audience of Marines clapped. Master Chief sat up from the chair he had just been seated in, and walked up to Admiral Johnson. Johnson placed the award on Master Chief's dress uniform. The audience clapped again.

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21 Units, 12th Cycle (Covenant Holy City Clock), Covenant Holy City

The Prophet of Guilt stared at the Prophet of Duty and his last surviving guard, the Arbiter. He smirked. Their lives rested in his hands. He could slay them with a strike of his Sword.

"Oh Prophet of Duty. You served as a great leader, but an annoying one. Oh Arbiter. I despise you. You have no serving to me," the Arbiter gritted his teeth as the Prophet insulted him and his master. "Now. Prophet. You shall die under my doing, just how I always knew it would happen." The amateur Prophet of Guilt brought his Sword of Guilt into the air. He fired one of the lethal bolts of energy at the lame excuse for a Prophet. But that nuisance Arbiter jumped in the energy stream's path, shouting a loud battle cry.

The Arbiter felt pain as the energy bolt burned his shoulder. Not because he felt pain (though there was much), but because he hadn't succeeded in blocking the energy beam with his own body. Now, the energy beam would pierce the Prophet of Duty, the new master of the Prophets, and Arbiter's master, in the heart. The Arbiter heard his master's cry of pain, and his master's body melting by the strange bluish fire the Sword of Guilt burned its victims in. The Arbiter turned around to see nothing but blue smoke rising up from where the Prophet had been immediately burned. The Arbiter let out a yelp of anguish for his master, and turned to face the evil Prophet of Guilt. The Arbiter gave the Prophet a horrible gaze of revenge. The Arbiter ignited his energy sword in one hand, and overcharged his plasma pistol in the other hand. He let out a strong battle cry, and began a charge towards the Prophet of Guilt, blasting plasma bolts from his pistol all the way.

2. Chapter 2

The Prophet of Guilt dodged every bolt, and fired a bolt from his Sword, along with a battle cry. The Arbiter dodged the bolt, and skidded to a halt. He faced the Prophet.

"Prophet. You killed my master. That is not that of what a true Prophet would do," the Arbiter said, sounding wise with his deep voice and meaningful words.

"You have good attributes, Arbiter, and for that, I shall spare you. Your words are wise, and that may help me in the near future. Now leave this city, and do not return." The Arbiter met the Prophet of Guilt's gaze, and left the rooms, never letting his eyes leave the Prophet of Guilt. He would be watching him.

End
file.